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DIOCESAN CHRONOLOGY, SEPTEMBER

1.—Wednesday. Rt. Rev. Bishop made a visit to Hurricane Island, thence to Vinal Haven, lastly to North Haven, and in last named place decided finally on site for a Chapel, to be built next spring.

Historical retrospect of church at first and second places very interesting and at one time was very promising.

8.—Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. Formal opening of all the Catholic schools of the diocese, special Mass for the children in every church. Two new schools opened in Portland, namely, at Sacred Heart Church and at Deering, and great increase in all the schools, bringing the number of pupils in Portland to more than 2000, or a gain of nearly 500 over last year.

11.—Sister Helena, at Pleasant Point, died suddenly.

13.—Wednesday. Annual Retreat for priests opened at Cushing's Island, preached by Rev. Daniel Quinn, S. J., attended by Rt. Rev. Bishop and 91 priests.

14.—Funeral of late Sister Helena from Chapel in Mother House, Deering.

17.—Retreat closed at 10 A. M. to allow the priests to reach their missions before Sunday.

21.—Visit to Dexter, Dover and Brownville, new church being built in last named place.

22.—Plans fixed for the public festivities in honor of the Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of Mercy in Bangor.

24.—Purchase of the Whitney property, adjoining the Kavanaugh School in the Cathedral parish.

29.—Wednesday. Festivities in Bangor in honor of the Golden Jubilee of Sisters of Mercy, Aug. 4, 1865-1915. High Mass in St. John's and St. Mary's church in the morning. Public addresses and music at City Hall in the evening. Full reports in the Bangor News and Commercial, and in the Diocesan Historical Magazine for October. Charity Fund started in Bangor by a first gift of $2500.

Pope Benedict XV to the Warring Nations

When we, though all unworthy, were called to succeed on the Apostolic throne the meek Pius X, whose life of holiness and well doing was cut short by grief at the fratricidal struggle that had just burst forth in Europe, we, too, on turning a tearful glance over the blood stained battle fields, felt the anguish of a father, who sees his homestead devastated and in ruins before the fury of the hurricane. And thinking with unspeakable regret of our young sons, who were being mown down by death in thousands, we opened our heart, enlarged by the charity of Christ, to all the crushing sorrow of the mothers, and of the wives made widows before their time, and to all the inconsolable laments of the little ones, too early bereft of a father's care. Sharing in the anxious fears of innumerable families, and fully conscious of the imperative duties imposed on us by the sublime mission of peace and love, entrusted to our care in the days of so much sadness, we conceived at once the firm purpose of consecrating all our energy and all our power to the reconciling of the people at war; indeed, we made a solemn promise to our Divine Saviour, Who willed to make all men brothers at the cost of His blood.

And our first words, as the chief shepherd of souls, addressed to the nation and their rulers, were words of peace and of love. But our advice, affectionate and insistent as that of a father, and a friend, remained unheard. Our grief was aggravated, but our purpose was unshaken. We turned therefore in all confidence to the Almighty, Who holds in His hands the minds and hearts of subjects, as of Kings, begging of Him the cessation of the unprecedented scourge. We wished to associate all the faithful in our fervent and humble prayer, and to make it more efficatious, we arranged that it should be accompanied by words of Christian penance. But today on the anniversary of the outbreak of the tremendous conflict, more intense is the desire of our heart for the speedy conclusion of the war, still louder is our fatherly cry for peace. May this cry, prevailing over the

dreadful clash of arms, reach unto the people who are now at war, and unto their Rulers, inclining both to milder and more serene views.

In the holy name of God, in the name of our heavenly Father and Lord, by the Blessed Blood of Jesus, price of man's redemption, we conjure you whom the Divine Providence has placed over the nations at war to put an end at last to this horrible slaughter, which for a whole year has dishonored Europe. It is the blood of brothers that is being poured out on land and sea. The most beautiful regions of Europe, this garden of the world are sown with corpses and ruin; there, where but a short time ago, flourished the industry of manufacturers and the fruitful labor of the fields, now thunders fearfully the cannon, and in its destructive fury it spares neither village nor city, but spreads everywhere havoc and death. You bear before God and man tremendous responsibility of peace and war; give ear to our prayer, to the fatherly voice of the Vicar of the Eternal and supreme Judge, to whom you must render an account as well as of your public undertakings, as of your own individual deeds.

The abounding wealth with which God the Creator has enriched the lands that are subject to you, allow you to go on with the struggle; but at what cost?

Let the thousands of young lives quenched every day on the fields of battle make answer; answer, the ruins of so many towns and villages, of so many monuments raised by piety and genius of your ancestors. And the bitter tears shed in the secrecy of home, or at the foot of altars where suppliants beseech—do not these also repeat that the price of the long drawn-out struggle is great—too great?

Nor let it be said that the great conflict cannot be settled without the violence of war Lay aside your mutual purpose of destruction; remember that nations do not die; humbled and oppressed, they chafe under the yoke imposed upon them, preparing a renewal of the combat, and passing down from generation to generation a mournful heritage of hatred and revenge.

Why not from this moment weigh with serene mind, the rights and lawful aspirations of the peoples? Why not initiate with a good will and exchange of views, directly or indirectly, with the object of holding in due account, within the limits of possibility, those rights and ambitions, and thus succeed in putting an end to the monstrous struggle, as has been done under other similar circumstances? Blessed be he who will first raise the olive-branch, and hold out his right hand to the enemy with the offer of reasonable terms of peace. The equilibrum of the world, and the prosperity and the assured tranquility of nations rest upon mutual benevolence and respect for the rights and the

dignity of others, much more than upon hosts of armed men and the ring of formidable fortresses.

This is the cry of peace that breaks forth from our heart with added vehemence on this mournful day; we invite all, whosoever are friends of peace the world over, to give us a helping hand in order to hasten the termination of the war which for a long year has turned Europe into one vast battlefield. May the merciful Jesus, through the intercession of His sorrowful mother, grant that at last, after so horrible a storm, the dawn of peace may break, placid and radiant, an image of His own Divine Countenance. May hymns of thanksgiving soon rise to the Most High, the Giver of all good things, for the accomplished reconciliation of the states; may the peoples bound in the bonds of brotherly love, return to the peaceful rivalry of studies, of arts, of industries, and, with the empire of right established, may they resolve from now henceforth to entrust the settlement of their differences, not to the sword's edge, but to reasons of equity and justice, pondered with due calm and deliberation. This will be their most splendid and glorious conquest!

In loving trust that the tree of peace may soon return to rejoice the world with such desirable fruits, we impart the Apostolic Benediction to all who make up the mystical flock confided to us, and also for those, who do not yet belong to the church of Rome, we pray the Lord to draw them close to us in the bonds of perfect charity.

Given at Rome, from the Vatican, 28 July, 1915.

BENEDICTUS PP. XV.

ALL SOUL'S DAY

BISHOP'S HOUSE,
PORTLAND, ME, Oct. 4, 1915.

A Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem, for the deceased Bishops and Priests of the Diocese of Portland, will be offered in the Cathedral on Wednesday, November 3.

Rev. Fathers are hereby respectfully notified and requested to announce this annual commemoration at all the Masses on the previous Sunday and to urge the people to assist at a Mass of Requiem to be offered, if possible on the same morning, November 3, in every Parish Church of the Diocese in union with that of the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

The obligation of the Clergy Fund Association in this matter is recalled to all members.

✠ LOUIS S. WALSH,
Bishop of Portland.

The Catholic Parish and Public Schools in the Diocese of Portland

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE,
PORTLAND, ME., August 25, 1915.

Rev. Dear Father:

The following instructions are to be faithfully observed by all Catholic schools in the Diocese and will help in everything that pertains to the best results in our Catholic School System.

1. The opening will be on Sept. 8th by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the Church and the organization of the classes in the schools, thus making the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary a day of blessings in and for the Diocese.

2. Morning sessions during the first week will be enough to have the school well organized before the close of the week. The variations and delays in opening the public schools are not to influence our Catholic schools.

3. One hour each week for the systematic study of drawing, one hour for sewing and one hour for music will be taken on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, the day best adapted for each to be fixed by the Rector and Superior of the school. The program issued or approved by the State Superintendent of Education in Music and Drawing is to be followed and the work graded according to the number of classes, age and capabilities of the pupils. These subjects are not to be taught nor permitted in any morning session. If any Religious Community or any school has already adopted a graded plan of work in these subjects it will not be necessary to make any immediate change but it will be desirable to readjust their work as soon as convenient.

4. The teachers who have not yet received state certificates from the State Superinendent of Education are expected to prepare themselves and apply for said certificate within the coming year.

5. The Work of the Holy Childhood is to be established in all the Catholic schools of this Diocese and in all Parishes where there are no schools, for all the children who attend either the Catholic schools or Public schools. This is the express wish of our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, and will serve to give the right missionary spirit in prayer and alms to Catholic children. It is to be a voluntary work of charity, and this point should be carefully explained to both children and parents. A simple and practical way will be to have every child bring one cent on every Friday of the year, the first twelve Fridays to be devoted to the Holy Childhood and the other Fridays to Catholic foreign missions. The Superior of the school or some Sister delegated by her will have charge and will forward each month the money

to Rev. T. J. Mahoney, Catholic Institute, 100 Free Street, Portland, Maine. This is to be the headquarters of all Catholic works of charity in the Diocese of Portland.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

LOUIS S. WALSH,

Bishop of Portland.

ANTON LANG

That the gentle Anton Lang, the "Christus" of the Passion Play at Oberamergau in 1900 and 1910, should in 1915, be among the victims of a world war, one of the innumerable "legions killed in action," is one of the grimmest anomalies of the European slaughter. It is impossible to imagine a spot on earth more typical of peace, more remote from the conflicts and jealousies of nations than the little Bavarian village where life is a continual meditation upon the passion of Christ. Anton Lang himself was an incarnation of peace—simple child-like, humbled and set subtly apart by the dignity of his high destiny.

He was perhaps readier for the whistling death of the trenches than many who fell with him, but few fatalities could be more sadly ironic than the sacrifice of the Christus to the insatiable blood-thirst of war.

ANNE O'HARA MCCORMICK in The Catholic Universe.

To give a million dollars in charity while in the midst of an active life is certainly doing a vast amount of good to one's fellow men; yet this is what the late Dennis Sullivan, one of the pioneer settlers of Denver, Colorado, is reported to have done. A man so abundantly blessed in this world's goods as was Mr. Sullivan, should surely find a measure of earthly happiness in the prudent bestowal of his wealth among the needy, which will be only a foretaste of that awaiting him on his advent in God's eternal kingdom.

A Golden Jubilee

On the evening of September 29th, 1915, a large and representative Catholic audience assembled in City hall, Bangor, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the coming of the Sisters of Mercy to take charge of the Catholic Schools in this city. While this happy event had already been recalled by the semi-public services held in connection with the founding of St. Michael's charitable institution, August 5th the actual date of their first work in Bangor, it yet seemed fitting that their heroic self-sacrificing labors should receive some tangible public approval which would serve to place before our people and their non-Catholic friends a real conception of the work accomplished during the passing of half a century.

Forgetfulness is one of the penalties of lapsing years, and the good which one does oftentimes passes quietly into the great ocean of eternity.

For the individual it is perhaps well that it is so, since human praise is after all of little value and apt to be misleading. But there are times when it seems appropriate to unlock the memories of the past, to draw therefrom some few facts for the edification of the present.

A period of fifty years should form an ample test of a community's usefulness. The thinking public may then sum up the results of earnest effort, and good example in the light of a long past experience, weighing in the balance with what might have been, had these deeply pious God fearing ladies never settled in Bangor.

The leaven of their Christian teachings spread over nearly three generations is surely a test of their worth.

Beginning their work on the morning of August 5th, 1865, they had of necessity to familiarize the good people of Bangor with their presence and methods. Many of the young Catholics had never seen a Sister of Mercy, for their coming from Manchester the day before was probably the first occasion of their passing through our State. Then many of our non-Catholic citizens had doubtless heard of them only through the vile and calumnious works of Maria Monk, Rebecca Read, or other evil minded folks whose passing had left many a lasting, blighting impression in the fair minds of those who now had an opportunity of judging for themselves as to the truths of the awful accusations lodged against the entire body of our devoted sisterhood by those who in their prejudice would not understand the motives and purposes of their existence.

To get acquainted, and dispel wrong notions, was the work of but a short time,—for Bangor people as a whole are warm hearted, whole souled and docile. It consequently did not take the good Sisters long to win a lasting place in their affections. Then came the great and enduring work of teaching the rising generation the rudiments of the Christian religion in unison with the sciences of the day. With the confidence and good will of a great people, one may easily see the favorable auspices under which the devoted Sisters of Mercy have labored these many years in the heart as it were of our State.

To measure in particular the value of their efforts would be impossible; to do so would mean going into the life of each and every pupil that has in the days of youth sought the elements of an education from these Christian sources. It would be necessary to take every boy and girl thus favored and follow their after career, the putting into practice of the only principles which give the formation of character which cannot but auger well for the future.

We should have to follow them in their daily life as they go forth from their Christian home, with perhaps the only heritage which their good but poor Christian parents could give them, a God fearing education, and meet them in the every day affairs of the world, in their trials, in their temptations, in their joys and their sorrows, for it would be only there that we would learn the real and true worth, the priceless value of Christian principles instilled at an early age into the hearts of our oftentimes sorely tried, struggling youth.

To see how the great majority of the children thus favored have come to man and womanhood, to see them on the scenes of their triumphs over all their enemies, and where those victories meant so much to their personal happiness, and the welfare of our State and country, would surely be a deeply interesting study; but this we cannot do, for fifty years have already seen a goodly number of their pupils pass to the eternal shores; we can only deal with general principles and their results. Such was the object and purpose of the great assembly held at Bangor on the evening of September 29th, fifty years after the coming of the Sisters of Mercy to our State.

In the deeply attentive audience were many ready to testify to the value of Christian educations received at the hand of the good Sisters so many years ago, many whose silvered heads bespoke the fact that they were probably among the first to welcome these Christian teachers to their fair city, whose tottering footsteps but presage the near approach to the close of life's toilsome journey. In their preserved manhood, in the lofty ideals that have become a part of their very existence, it is they who could tell us what the early Christian training which these pious ladies brought into their youthful lives, has meant for

them in the heat of life's great battle; it is they who well recognize where to place the credit for the victories won which have assured permanence to the edifice of their Christian greatness.

Of the vast audience, there was probably not one, either young or old who had not come to show by his presence if not by words, his solemn conviction of the absolute necessity of Christian education as offered by the Sisters, and his appreciation of its untold blessings to the city of Bangor during the past fifty years.

Many of the Catholic clergy of the Diocese of Portland, found time to absent themselves from their many and pressing duties in order to grace with their presence such a historic occasion.

Accompanying the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese, Louis S. Walsh, D. D., were the Rt. Rev. Monsignor M. C. McDonough, V. G., P. R., P. A., pastor of St. Patrick's church, Lewiston, the Rev. Jeremiah McCarthy, P. R., pastor of St. Mary's, Bangor, The Rev. John M. Harrington, S. T. L., pastor of St. Mary's, Orono, the Rev. T. C. Maney, St. Anne's, Dexter, the Rev. M. E. Curran, St. Sebastian's, Madison; the Rev. W. J. Culbert, St. Benedict's, Benedicta; Rev. Mortimer O'Connor, St. Gabriel's, Winterport; the Rev. P. F. Flanagan, St. Joseph's, Ellsworth; the Rev. John Hogan, St. Martin's, Millinocket; and the assistant priests, at Orono, Bangor, and Old Town, the Rev. Edmund Murnane, D. D., the Rev. T. H. Moriarty and Walter Hoey of St. John, Bangor; the Rev. Edward Lynch of St. Mary's, Bangor, and the Rev. Joseph Sullivan of St. Anne's, Old Town.

Accompanying the Church officials as an escort were the Holy Name Cadets and the Fourth Degree members of Pine Cone Council, Knights of Columbus, Bangor.

Selections and music appropriate to the occasion were rendered in a most efficient manner by the united choirs of St. John's and St. Mary's churches and O'Hara's orchestra.

A GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

1865–1915.

BANGOR.

By Sister Mary P., Mt. St. Mary's, Manchester.

Let songs of praise to heaven resound,
As the golden dawn appears;
Let prayers of glad thanksgiving be said
For the blessings of fifty years.

Let the notes of the joyful laudate
Be chanted by young and old;
Let the jubilee bells, all gladsome and gay,
Ring forth their music of gold.

Let God's own benediction rest
On the vale and the wooded hill;
And gratitude to Christ, our King,
The hearts of His children fill.

From the golden record of fifty years,
God reads the deeds today,
Performed with Mercy's gentle art
And hidden from praise away.

Who can count the earnest labor
In the vineyard of the Lord,
And the hours of patient waiting
For He promised, great reward?

Who can count the gems, full precious,
Of zeal and love untold,
Making richest rarest setting
For this mile-stone of pure gold?

And how truly One has treasured
As bright gem and jewel rare,
Each small act of Mercy's bidding,
For the heavenly crowning fair.

Blest foundation that was trusted
To the Providence of God!
Here great graces have been garnered
In the paths the just have trod.

Ah, the Master, Rich and Powerful,
Gave the hundred-fold increase;
Dowered dear Bangor with His blessings,
With His faith, His love, His peace.

While we twine sweet memory blossoms,
Let us not forget to pray
For Penobscot's staunch, Old Catholics,
Pioneers of early days.

Who were first to greet our Sisters
To the grand, old "Pine Tree States,"
Scene of saintly mission labor
Of historic place and date.

Now, inland and coast are guarded
With the daughters of our Queen,
Mary, Mother of Sweet Mercy,
Guardian, too, of mission scene.

Here, the souls of Indian savage
Have been e'er their loving quest,
Where the broad primeval forests
Spread their branches east and west.

And nearby the mission altar,
Where Maine's first Mass was said,
Stand the cloisters of a convent,
Thus, the light of Faith is shed.

Let us thank the God of mercies
For the humble service given
In these fifty years of climbing,
Pointing out the path to heaven.

And in future years of striving,
Doing works of mercy, true,
May each life on Christ's be modelled—
Spent, O Lord, alone for you.

Cornelius O'Leary, Esq., was the presiding officer of the evening's exercises. With a full realization of the many facts that were crowding before the deeply attentive audience, Mr. O'Leary in his introductory remarks said, briefly, yet eloquently: "Fifty years ago, the Sisters of Mercy came to Bangor. One-half century has passed, and tonight we are commemorating their advent. The presence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop adds importance to the occasion, an impressiveness that we all appreciate, while the assembly of such an audience as this bears eloquent tribute to the saintly women who have given their lives to God. They have spent fifty years, productive of the highest good, in the schools and homes, so that the entire city, today, irrespective of creed, rejoices that they have come and that they have remained.

"How many men, how many women reared in the holy atmosphere of the parochial schools have learned to cherish the instruction given and the example set by the Sisters of Mercy. How many homes, when darkness hovered around, have been heartened by these angels of light! How many souls have been refreshed and sanctified by the influence of the Sisters of Mercy! They have done their work well and they are gratefully remembered in the hearts of a loving people.

"Content to lay their labors at the feet of their Master, they work for no reward here, but strive on faithfully to the end. Where else will you find such unswerving faith and devotion! They have made better Catholics and in so doing better citizens, and thus have rendered a genuine service to their country.

"My friends, you came here tonight to listen to another, but I could not forego placing a flower of praise of my own amid the wreath that it theirs tonight."

It was especially appropriate that the mead of approval on the Sisters' many years of sacrifice should have been given by one of their former worthy pupils Miss Annie Concannon now the honored wife of Mr. Matthew F. Dunn, General Superintendent of the Bangor division of the Maine Central Railroad.

Taking up her deeply touching subject, Mrs. Dunn said:

Rt. Rev. Bishop, Rev. Fathers, beloved Sisters of Mercy, dear school-mates and friends:—

We are assembled here today to honor and celebrate the anniversary of one of the greatest events in the Catholic History of Maine, the coming of the Sisters of Mercy to Bangor. I say one of the greatest, and justly so:—Would that I could tell you, as many of these good nuns might relate, the events of the past fifty years of their work in Bangor, and surrounding missions, or that I might sing the praises of those saintly ones gone to their reward, whose work is their only monument, but my chronicle would be incomplete and the gift of poetry I do not possess.

Consider the gigantic courage of those men of God who were instrumental in bringing these good nuns here, with but a handful of Catholics of humble means, laborers, poor in worldly goods, but rich: oh! so rich in the love of God and Holy Faith. Not every martyr dies on the rack or hero on the battle-field, for there were both heroes and martyrs among that little group of Catholics. Today is like many other days in that it mingles sadness with our joy. We miss the faces of many of that band of Sisters; some too feeble to be present, others, alas! who may only join us in spirit, having gone to hear the welcome voice of the Master:—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Proud as we are—and may well be—of our schools, our Convents and our Churches, they would be but silent monuments of our work were we to rest here; but, thank God, we can point with pride to men and women; pupils of these good Sisters; whose lives are now consecrated to God in the Sanctuary and in the Cloister, men eminent in business and professional life, lawyers, physicians, men who operate our railroads; all of whom received their first lessons from these worthy nuns, and, although the privilege of completing their school career under the guidance of these good Sisters, was not given to all of them,

who shall say that they do not owe their success to those first years spent with the Sisters of Mercy. You ask:—"When did these Sisters teach?" By night as well as by day. "Where did they teach?" In the class-room, in the Sunday-school, in the home, at the bedside of the sick, and the dying; and the numberless are those who owe to them the instructions they received when about to partake for the first time of the Bread of Life. "What did they teach?" Ah! rather ask what did they not teach. The common branches, languages, music, painting. All these, and more; they taught that learning, however profound, is of little avail unless exercised for the greater honor and glory of God. But, we cannot rest on past laurels. Those among us who had the privilege and pleasure of hearing that scholarly sermon of our beloved Bishop, Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., on the memorable occasion of the tercentenary at Bar Harbor, which was also the occasion of the opening of the Catholic School there, will remember how he impressed the fact upon his hearers that:—"The harvest was indeed ripe, but, the laborers all too few." To those who doubt the need of Catholic Schools, I would say:—Read some of the contributions to America and the Catholic World from such men as Dr. James J. Walsh, Ph. D., L. L. D., and listen to this tribute from Archbishop Ireland, who in a recent address on Catholic Schools said:—"To our teaching Brotherhood and Sisterhood in the name of Catholic Education, I bow in reverence and gratitude. Without them Catholic Schools should have long ago closed their doors, to them we owe the high degree of efficiency which is the glory of our schools, which has victoriously overcome the prejudice whether among Catholics themselves or non-Catholics, that at one time so seriously impeded our onward march." Well may we feel convinced of the high regard in which the Sisters are held as teachers here in Bangor, when we behold our Catholic Schools thoroughly equipped, modern, substantial, ornaments to our City, and State as well. St. Mary's on First Street, in charge of a Pastor, both saint and scholar, who blushes to see his name in print, but, erected by one of his noble predecessors, a man collossal in mind as well as in stature, a linguist and scholar of no small fame; the late lamented Very Rev. Michael C. O'Brien, P. R. Permit me here to speak of another; the mention of whose name brings a feeling of sadness and longing to many among us; our beloved, and much-mourned Rt. Rev. Msgr. McSweeney. While it pleased Divine Providence that St. John's School, on State Street, should be erected by our present worthy Pastor, who so deeply appreciates the work of these noble Sisters, it was made possible by the wise discernment, and courage of the man, who, years ago—with that object in view—purchased the site of the present school. There were those who marveled at the deed, as of old when the Martyr

Jesuit Father Bapst erected that noble edifice of Gothic Architecture, our beloved St. John's on York Street. Who can doubt that they were inspired by God when we view the conditions of today, with a congregation numbering more than four thousand souls, and a school, which, in less than four and one-half years, has outgrown itself.

Considering what the past fifty years have done for us may we not hope that they who follow us may live to celebrate a Golden Jubilee which would be the fulfillment of a wish dear to the hearts of many; the coming of the Christian Brothers to Bangor and the founding of a Catholic College in our neighboring university town where pupils, leaving these Sisters, may complete their education along Catholic lines, and from whose walls they may go forth to teach all nations of "The great victory which over-cometh the world, our Faith."

"And now, Dear Sisters of Mercy, this is your Golden Jubilee—only the recording Angel knows the work of these past fifty years, of love, of prayer, and of sacrifice—you who have clothed the naked, fed the hungry, given drink to the thirsty, comforted the sick and the dying—mothered the orphan entrusted to your care—you who gave up home and loved ones, who gave up the world and all its pleasures to "Take up the Cross and follow Christ;" your life is epitomized in the lines of the Irish poet Gerald Griffin:

"Her down-bed—a pallet; her trinkets—a bead;
Her lustre—one taper, that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed;
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned head;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees;
Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease."

You need no herald to proclaim your victories, they are not the material ones which the winds and the storms, or the hand of man, may destroy—they are in the lives which surround us, which are shedding a daily influence for good.

To you Dear Sisters and beloved teachers, we tender our heartfelt love and gratitude, and we give to your charge our little ones that they too may share in the blessing of being under your protection; and we wish you God's choicest blessings on the occasion of your Golden Jubilee in Bangor.

"At thy feet, dear Alma Mater, I lay my humble tribute in love and gratitude for the priceless treasure of a Catholic education and for the time spent with the Sisters of Mercy.

SEMPER FIDELIS

A. T. C. D. 1887.

While in no way unmindful or forgetful of the glorious work already accomplished during a half century or more for the cause of religion and country, in the very shadow of the

two magnificent temples, St. John's and St. Mary's, their noble and enduring school edifices, made possible for the present generation by the sacrifices of the past,—the Rt. Rev. Bishop drawing his inspiration from the glorious history of the Church in our State from the moment of her inception, giving in vivid living colors a portrait of the past, the present, and the future, painting in glowing terms what a beautiful legacy the Jubileans might hand to the celebration of fifty years hence, should the Catholics rise in their strength and enable the Sisters of Mercy to multiply their usefulness in a great house of Charities where the abandoned child, the diseased stricken Christian, the aged wayfarer, may one and all find that great boon of peace and comfort which holy mother Church holds in story for her devoted children.

Bishop Walsh's eloquent address was given close attention, and we feel that we may truthfully say that hardly one of the large audience present, left Bangor's spacious town hall without a vivid realization of what might be accomplished, under the direction of their zealous Bishop, for the spiritual and temporal well being of posterity as well as the honor and glory of God.

Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of Mercy in Bangor, 1865-1915

ADDRESS IN CITY HALL, BANGOR

By Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., Bishop of Portland

Wednesday, September 29, 1915.

While I was thinking over this Jubilee year and its fitting festival of joy, three pictures or visions came before me, and in each one the background of the moving scenes is your own, now justly called Queen City of Eastern Maine, Bangor.

The Blackrobed Jesuit on the Penobscot.

The first picture takes us far away to the Palace of the King in France, where the young King is silently listening to a recital of inspiring hopes from the lips and pen of a Jesuit Missionary, who is pointing out on a wall map the beautiful shores of the great Penobscot from the sea to the place where the Kenduskeag unites with it and then reads: 'there is the spot for a future glorious settlement and colony, called Kedesquit.'

It was the letter of Fr. Peter Biard, S. J., who had come up the bay and river in the year 1611, admired the beautiful point, soon after and now called Castine, yet even more saw the greater attractions of this other point, called by the Indians Kedesquit. He no doubt had offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass not far from the spot where we are now assembled, and sent the story to his superior and his King.

A noble lady, Madame de Guercheville, now also appealed to the King, promised aid in financing the new Apostolic mission of the blackrobed Jesuits, hence over the ocean came in 1613 the little vessel with 48 souls aboard, bound for this very place, Kedesquit, and after touching at Port Royal in Acadia to take on the two Jesuit Fathers, Biard and Massé, headed for the Penobscot.

Why and how the minds of these brave men and apostles were changed will probably never be fully known, but they cast anchor off Mt. Desert Island, and there founded the first purely Catholic colony of San Sauveur instead of coming to Kedesquit. You all know well the story of San Sauveur, which we brought forth two years ago.

The black robed Jesuits again, softly, silently glided along the Penobscot shore in the frail canoe, guiding the redmen along the river of life and by them guided across the rivers and lakes, saluting the rising Sun at morn by the Holy Sacrifice of Calvary, and blessing the Western Sunlit sky by the Vespers hymn or the Canticle of the Magnificat.

In 1611, 1646, 1654, 1700 to 1724, for more than one hundred years they strove hard and with joy to consecrate this majestic river to the Cross of Christ.

Then nearly one hundred years of silence, almost despair, while the Indians roamed through the forests, guided their canoes over lake and down river to the sea and back again, pleading, praying, crying for the Blackrobe, all in vain, for he was not allowed to come to their wigwams.

In 1836 the hour of triumphal return came, when the noble, though aggressive Bishop Fenwick of Boston, himself a Jesuit, visionary perhaps in matters of faith, as every great Apostle must be, dared to plant a Cross and College at Benedicta in Northern Maine, but lived not long to see its fruits.

His big hearted successor, Bishop Fitzpatrick, even greater prophet, saw the incoming tides, bearing the ships from Ireland with able bodied and strong hearted young men and women, whose greatest, often only treasure was their faith, and he called upon the blackrobed Jesuits to battle again for the conquest of the St. Croix and Penobscot Valleys. Hence from 1845 to 1855 all over this vast region the well known form of the Jesuit Fathers was seen, sowing again the seeds from Bethlehem, Nazareth, Calvary and Rome over hill and dale. Thus Benedicta, Houlton, Calais, Eastport, Pleasant Point, Ellsworth, Winterport, Old Town and Bangor were all under the influence and ministry of the same blackrobe priest, that had begun in 1611.

Once more, however, the vision faded away, and the army of St. Ignatius of Loyola left in 1855 for other fields of labor and conquest.

Since then, occasionally, in Indian file or in groups of three for some passing festival or mission the same Jesuit blackrobes have been seen along our lakes or this proud river, seeking the glory of the Lord and His servant St. Ignatius, gathering, no doubt, inspiration from the memories that will never die and getting hope for future triumphs, hidden in the mind of the Almighty.

Who can tell? Perhaps at no distant date, within the life time of many here, under the generosity of some big-hearted Catholic gentleman with golden gifts, there may arise on one or other of the many beautiful hilltops overlooking the mighty Penobscot, a College with Cross of Christ on high, to revive, restore, beautify forever the vision of Biard, the hope of Fenwick and the glorious prayer of Fr. John Bapst.

Then, from the same College halls will come a mind and heart, all aglow with the fire and light of the poet, to tell in rythmic verse and language sublime the most entrancing story of the conquest of the Penobscot to the Cross of Christ by the black robed priests of St. Ignatius. Such in my first picture.

2ND. BLACKROBED SISTERS OF MERCY ON THE PENOBSCOT.

My second vision is equally, perhaps more glorious for Catholic Bangor.

Just as the memories of the first were dimmed and the forms of the Apostles were fading from view, another little army came up from the south, black robes too, but this time women.

When Bishop Bacon, of holy memory, had labored, with mind and heart on fire, for nearly ten years throughout this vast territory, he began to realize that, while the present might seem secure, there was doubt, if not danger for the future, unless the foundations of God's real Temple and Church, the people, were laid sound and strong and deep in the children. He, therefore, sent a warm hearted appeal, in the following letter to the Rev. Mother of the Sisters of Mercy, whom he had invited to the Diocese, at Manchester, in 1858, just after the beginning of his Episcopate.

"PORTLAND, March 22, 1865.

My dear Mother Xavier:

Do you think you could divide your little community so as to take the Bangor mission in Maine? The parish schools number about four hundred children; there will be excellent chances for a pay Academy . . . .

The priests are pressing me to let them know what can be done.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

DAVID WM.,

Bishop of Portland."

Rev. Mother Warde regarded the letter as a command, soon made her choice and on August 4, 1865, came, with her eight daughters, across the State of Maine, over the Saco, Androscoggin, Kennebec to the Penobscot shore, all then sacred ground for 250 years, and they reached their new home in the evening of that day.

Let me mention in reverence their names: Sister Mary Gonzaga, Sister M. Xavier, Sister M. Clare, Sister M. Agnes, Sister M. Aloysius, Sister M. Anastasia, Sister M. Patricia, and Sister M. Gabriel, the last named not yet having made her vows, and the first Sister of Mercy to be professed in Maine.

They came in disguise, namely in the ordinary lay dress of women, because at that time the last winds of the ignorant, vicious, popular movement, called Americanism or Know-Nothingism had not exhausted themselves, nor returned to the cave of Satan, whence they had come in 1853.

The Indians had been broad and liberal minded to allow the rather unusual, yet simple black robe, that adorned the body of the first Apostles; the fanatics of 1855-65, shouting liberty from their lips and platforms, and waving torches of fire in their hands against the Church of God, might go so far as to interfere with this little band of quiet women, coming to praise, reverence and serve God in Bangor.

We do not wish even to recall such a spirit or scenes of the past, except to emphasize the fact, that the fair minded American public would rise as one man to stamp out any such fanaticism should it ever again raise its vicious form, and likewise to proclaim with joy that the same Sisters of Mercy, in their full garb, are today held in the highest esteem all over this great State of Maine, perhaps even more than elsewhere, by all classes from His Excellency the Governor down to the latest citizen in Bangor or Ellsworth.

They came and were not met by band or photographers or newspaper reporters, as so often today. Their names we know. One, Sister M. Xavier, was a lady from the south, a convert to the faith, the others all Irish by birth or blood. They went to their home and fine convent on Newbury Street, built by Fr. Gillen and at once put on the garb of their Master, Christ Jesus, and of His Mother Mary, black to symbolize the penance and sacrifice of their Savior, white to show forth the dignity and virtue of their Mother Mary.

On the following day, August 5th, Feast of Our Lady of Snows, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for them and all their successors through Mary to Jesus, who both were to have the glory. To the Sisters only the labor and sacrifice.

It would, doubtless, be interesting to pause here in our narrative and answer the question, what is a Nun or Sister? How is she trained? How sustained in her long life of silence, soli-

tude and sacrifice? What is the idea of the Catholic Church in thus sending forth women missionaries, whose faith, ardor, persevering endurance equal, oftentimes surpass the power of human mind to understand or even to comprehend. Such a story would take us too far away, but let me just read the vow, under which these eight holy women were to guide their lives from beginning to end.

"ACT OF PROFESSION

In the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and under the protection of His Immaculate Mother Mary ever Virgin, I, called in Religion Sister do vow and promise to God, Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, and the Service of the Poor, Sick and Ignorant, and to persevere until death in this Institute of our Lady of Mercy, according to its approved Rule and Constitutions; under the authority and in presence of you, My Right Reverend Father in God, Louis Sebastian Walsh, Bishop of this Diocese, and of our Reverend Mother Superior of this Convent of Mercy, Portland."

What now have the Sisters of Mercy done for Bangor?

The original purpose was to establish here a Mother House and Novitiate, whence would radiate their life throughout Eastern Maine, and this in reality was organized.

An Academy was at once planned, because, while Bishop Bacon wished to have all the children under the care and influence of the Sisters, the first plan, then as often now judged the most important, was to take the girls of High School age, thus to give the true Christian ideas of womanhood, dignified ladyhood, and exalted motherhood at the age, when the character of young girls is fashioned, never after to be much changed.

Fifty years have come and gone—and the Sisters of Mercy have been in your midst, for all the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, such is their life, for the service of the sick, poor and ignorant.

In the schools they have fashioned the Christian child, by teaching to all the name, the knowledge, the praise, reverence and service of Almighty God.

Here let me say that we have no apology to make for giving and demanding Christian education, for not only are we carrying out the exalted teaching of our Holy Church, but we alone are faithful to the very basic idea, spirit and motive of old Puritan and Pilgrim New England.

The charter of Harvard College, oldest of all colleges in New England, and, the very motive that prompted the establishment of the first schools in Boston and thence all over New England was to "teach the children the principles of religion" and the Christian religion alone.

The State and City schools have all abandoned this idea, the Catholic Schools alone today are faithful to it. I will say further and more if our nation should go to the extreme, towards which it is now headed, if religion should be banished altogether from primary, grammar and High Schools and from the colleges, the fruit cannot be other than a pagan country, pagan and nothing more, an appalling outlook.

The Sisters opened night schools for many young people who had never been given any education.

The Sisters visited the sick, the poor, the unfortunate and afflicted.

What a picture would here be required to do justice to such works of mercy, known only to Almighty God and never recorded in book or newspaper.

Every street in your city perhaps thus has been visited and sanctified by the footsteps of the Angelic band, bearing the message of peace and fortitude; every Catholic home at one time or other has seen these quiet nurses of the soul as well as of the body spend hours and days to fortify the living, to teach that great science, far more important than the knowledge of things earthly, namely the science of knowing how to die.

All this would be a beautiful tribute, and it has been touched upon in a most interesting and dignified manner by the estimable lady, former pupil of the Sisters, and who has tonight personified so well all their true pupils, and embodied in person and language the teachings of the Sisters themselves.

Tonight four of the original eight sisters are still living—Sister M. Gonzaga in Manchester, Sr. M. Clare and Sr. M. Gabriel in Portland, Sr. M. Agnes in Pleasant Point—the other four are gone to their reward, one only sleeps in yonder cemetery—Sr. M. Xavier.

There have been 147 Sisters of Mercy during the fifty years in Bangor, and fourteen have died here during that time. Some have labored five, some ten, some twenty and more years for yourselves and your children, and two generations may now recall the devotedness of their beloved teachers.

Twenty-five vocations to the religious life are the fruits of those years, namely, 22 Sisters of Mercy, one Sister of Charity, one Ursuline and one a Sister of the Good Shepherd.

Just how many vocations to the priesthood have come from the inspiration given by the Sisters, is not known.

What now has Bangor done for the Sisters of Mercy?

The friendship, love and devotion of a people is a reward of great value and gives genuine consolation. The Sisters of Mercy enjoy that blessing, are grateful for it and what they cannot in person say here tonight, it is my duty and privilege to express in their name and behalf, for many among them have often said that there was more real satisfaction in working in

Bangor than in other places. Hence in the name of the four survivors of the original band, whose aged forms it would be interesting, no doubt, to have enter yonder door on to this platform, and in behalf of all the Sisters I am grateful to the people of Bangor.

After fifty years, however, of religious life and devotedness to the interests of yourselves and children, they do not own a foot of land in Bangor tonight, save only the narrow strip in the cemetery where their fourteen dead lie sleeping, and even that is not theirs, but only their right to use.

The homes or convents in which they live are the property of the people.

For many years they labored for little or no salary, just the necessaries of life, and only in recent years have received a compensation more nearly in harmony with their labors and sacrifices, yet there has never been complaint, because the Sisters, while needing house, food and clothing, do not and cannot seek their real compensation in earthly goods, but only in Heaven.

It would, nevertheless, be a source of pride and no little spur to greater effort and perseverance, if I could now hold up to your view some fine building or institution and say to you: This is Bangor's generous gift to the Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of Mercy—and thus close my second picture or vision.

3rd. Centenary Jubilee in 1965.

My second picture, with its thousands of faithful Alumni and Alumnae, and at this hour 1000 pupils in the two Catholic Schools, gives hope and color and inspiration for the third, which will be entirely what you, my good people, wish and make it to be.

Fifty years hence, in this or some greater Hall will be gathered another fine audience of genuine friends to celebrate the Centenary of the first coming of the Sisters. I will not be here, some among you and your children will be the active workers. What will there be to show as a monument of your gratitude?

It was in view of this Jubilee festival that I bought last year the fine property on Hammond Street, and I unfold my purpose tonight, when I say that I hope to see built thereon three noble works of Catholic Charity, an Orphans' Home for at least 50 boys and 50 girls or more, a Hospital, wherein all the corporal and spiritual works of mercy shall be daily exemplified, and a Home for the Aged Poor.

The first was opened and blessed on the anniversary of the Sisters' First Mass, August 5th, and of course is only temporary.

I offered this property as a gift to the Sisters last week, but they prefer to have it remain Diocesan property and are willing to serve therein the orphans and in due time the sick and poor.

Let us not be misunderstood—we value fully and highly the great work done by the city or state in philanthropy and humanitarian zeal for the unfortunates, but you know well that the soul, the spirit, the joy and the inestimable good for the human heart in all these works come and can come only from religion, the presence of God, the sermon of Calvary, the sweet names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

It is indeed sad to see how many little children are being more and more neglected and abandoned by shamefaced, unjust parents, and sadder still that the tendencies of modern industry and amusement serve to break up and ruin the natural home of the child.

More heartless, if possible, is the sight of the aged poor, after years of loving sacrifice in bringing up children, thrown out onto a cold world by the same brazen faced progeny oftentimes in view of more liberty and greater pleasure for themselves.

Religion is the only influence to soften and render endurable such hardships, hence the State as well as the Church ought to aid, and foster every plan or institution, that provides the unequalled religious consolations to the unfortunate wrecks or weaklings of human society.

I make bold, then, tonight to call upon you, the good Catholic people of Bangor to now start and rapidly complete a fund of $50,000, to be known as the Mt. St. Michael's Charity Fund for the first building.

It may seem large but what is it compared with what your fathers and mothers, less numerous and less prosperous, did in building up noble churches for God's worship, how much less than what you have done even in recent years in putting up schools and convents for the glory of God and the good of your country?

A fund, like a building, needs a good corner stone, and I am glad to tell you now that the corner stone of this fund was given to me this afternoon in a check for $2500.00 by a Catholic family of this city in memory of their mother—fine gift, noble motive, both worthy of generous imitation.

Many are the families able to do equally or almost as well, many others who ought to give at least $1000.00 or $500.00.

Then too it should be the work of all the Catholic people of Bangor. No one, more than I, praises the devoted parochial spirit that attaches you to either St. John's or St. Mary's, it is beautiful and strong, but only on condition that it does not narrow your vision and make you forget that in all the great Catholic works of city or diocese all the people of both parishes are one family, making one mind, one heart and one soul, all knit together by that magic, sublime word, Catholic.

Then let the Knights of Columbus, whose leaders adorn the platform tonight, get up some great celebration during the win-

ter months to make a generous offering to this work and fund:

Let the great Ancient Order of Hibernians, whose faith and zeal should know no bounds, and who are not stopped when once they start in some good work, do their share.

Let this great gathering of Alumni and Alumnae now come together for this work of Catholic faith and thus return one hundred fold the treasures received by them in St. John's and St. Mary's schools.

Thus let all, old and young, working under the guidance of Bishop, priests and Sisters, begin the upbuilding of the three inspiring homes for the orphan, the sick and the poor, prepare in a few years a magnificient memorial on yonder hill for the closing scene of the third picture or vision of tonight and, best of all, look for their chief reward, as taught by Holy Mother Church only when the shadows of this world are exchanged for the beautiful real crown of Eternity.

St. John's Parish School Bangor, 1865-1915

Sister Superiors

Mother	Mary Gonzaga
"	" Catherine
"	" Theresa
"	" Rose
"	" Eulalia
"	" Adelaide
"	" Margaret Mary
"	" Christina
"	" Borgia
"	" Stanislaus
"	" Petronilla
"	" Euphrasia
"	" Perpetua
"	" Christina

Fourteen Sister Superiors have consequently guided the destinies of St. John's Parish School during the first half century of its existence. Sister Mary Gonzaga to whom fell the honor of opening the School in 1865 returned to the then Mother house at Manchester where she still lives. The sixth Superior Sister Margaret Mary is at present Reverend Mother of the Sisters of Mercy in the Diocese of Portland.

Seventeen Sisters and two lay teachers compose the present staff of St. John's Parochial School.

Mother Mary Christina, Superior
Sister " Raphael
" " de Sales
" " Bernardine
" " Casimir
" " Pauline
" " Natalis
" " Aquinas
" " Dorothy
" " Blanche
" " Gregory
" " Norberta
" " Idelafonsa
" " Adrian
" " Winifred
" " Amelia
" " Claudia
Miss Susan Gillan
Kindergarten teacher
Miss Teresa Hughes
First Grade Girls

There are at present 667 pupils in St. John's School. In the Catholic High School there are 85 girls. The boys and girls of the Ninth Grade go to the Public Schools for Manual Training and Domestic Economy Classes.

The old convent on Newbury street, which the Sisters occupied for several years following their arrival in Bangor in August 1865, was afterwards remodeled into St. John's Parochial school building, when they moved to the fine Swatz property purchased by the late Very Rev. Edward McSweeney. The old school building on Newbury street having become inadequate, the present magnificent school edifice on State street was erected by Father McSweeney's successor, the Rev. Patrick Garrity, P. R., the parish being especially fortunate in the disposal of the old building on Newbury street which was purchased by the city of Bangor, which thus comes into possession of the spot where the first white settler of the present city of Bangor built his log cabin.

Some time ago a wounded Bavarian soldier on being informed that his bravery had merited the bestowal of the "Iron Cross," held up the tiny crucifix on his rosary, saying: "This is the most beautiful Iron Cross."

Life of Cardinal Cheverus

Fr. Cheverus did not remain many days on the occasion of what was probably his first visit to the hospitable home of Mr. Kavenaugh at Damariscotta. His long and toilsome journey from Passamaquoddy through the virgin forests of Eastern Maine to Penobscot thence to Bristol and New Castle doubtless nearly exhausted his none too vigorous health, but a few days' repose among the warm hearted Catholics of this little colony renewed his strength and gave him that force necessary for the long and tedious journey by road from New Castle to Boston, a distance of over two hundred miles. Stage coach or horseback must have been his mode of conveyance. That he went by land to Boston seems reasonably certain, for we find in a letter addressed by Dr. Matignon to Bishop Carroll dated July 28, 1798, the following reference: (Mr. Cheverus Que. J. attends dans 2 ou 3 semaines de retour de sa longue et penible mission, est occupe sur sa route a visiter le peu de Catholiques dissemines depuis Penobscot Jesqu' ici). "Father Cheverus whose return from his toilsome mission, I am awaiting in two or three weeks, is now visiting the few isolated Catholics between Boston and Penobscot."

It was during this long trip, probably between Passamaquoddy and Penobscot that an oft repeated, deeply touching incident took place. We find it mentioned in the life of Cardinal Cheverus by Hamon. The scene is laid in the heart of a vast and trackless forest. It was a Sunday morning—Fr. Cheverus and his companions had been toiling and picking their way through the deeply tangled wildwood subsisting on their meagre fare, striving to snatch a little repose at night by the side of their brush fire, thus for several days; when at early dawn all of a sudden there came to them as if wafted on the cool morning air, sounds unexpected and strange indeed to the travel worn missionary. Fr. Cheverus paused. Could he believe his ears, or was he dreaming? Surely not! for more distinctly grew the refrain until there was no mistaking the air, for the strains that came to them as it were from out of the forest depths were those of Dumont's well known Royal Mass.

Soon they came upon a band of Indians who were singing as had long been their wont on the Lord's day, the old time chants they had learned so long ago. The surprise was mutual. More than fifty years, we are told, had elapsed since they had seen a priest and still they had held their Sunday morning service from week to week, always hoping and praying that the old and tat-

tered yet familiar blackrobe might again appear among them, so that they were doubtless privileged on this summer Sunday morn to accompany with the well known strains of Dumont's Royal Mass Fr. Cheverus as he offered the eternal sacrifice beneath the wide spreading trees of Maine's primeval forest.

Hamon places this touching scene at Old Town; in this we believe the learned author mistaken, for Fr. Cheverus did not reach Indian Old Town until Monday afternoon; moreover, his letters distinctly place the Mass which he celebrated on this Trinity Sunday at a point farther up the Penobscot, perchance at Mattawamkeag. We see no reason to doubt the probability of the fact, though it may perhaps be impossible to name the day and locate the scene of this happy meeting. We do not for a moment believe that the zealous missionary always held to the oft travelled paths; in fact we see no objection for supposing that he even ascended to the head waters of the Kennebec and Penobscot Rivers where he may have fallen in with the edifying incident just narrated.

Hardly had Fr. Cheverus reached Boston from his missionary journey through Maine from Passamaquoddy to Kittery ere he received a very flattering letter from Bishop Carroll offering to place him in charge of St. Mary's parish, Philadelphia. Deep attachment to his pastor, Dr. Matignon, as well as love for the vast field he had just begun to cultivate led Fr. Cheverus to advise against this appointment. His letter of February 17, 1799 shows his entire willingness to abide his Bishop's judgment. "Dr. Matignon communicated to me your last letter," writes Fr. Cheverus, "He is very much grieved at the idea of our separation. I shall leave him myself with the greatest regret; but however, if you think I shall be useful either at Philadelphia or anywhere else more than in Boston, I shall always be ready and willing to go wherever you please."

As Bishop Carroll had asked for information regarding the Maine Indians, Father Cheverus wrote under the same date: "The Penobscot Tribe is composed of about three hundred individuals including women and children. At Passamaquoddy there are hardly one hundred and fifty; women in general are good, but men, addicted to drinking, less so however at Passamaquoddy than at Penobscot. I have by me the names of every one of them and notes of their good and bad qualities, so far as I know their exterior conduct. These notes I shall give to the priest who shall go among them; I shall even if he wishes accompany him and remain with him for a short time. Should no priest come, I shall visit them again this year if you approve of it."

Bishop Carroll however decided to leave Father Cheverus with Dr. Matignon. His only reason for proposing a change had been to promote a worthy young priest whose talents and vir-

tues, the good Bishop believed should be rewarded by a personal charge. Had this move taken place, we cannot but speculate on how changed might have been the after history of St. Mary's Parish at Philadelphia.

About this time another illustrious French priest arrived in America and offered his services to the Bishop of Baltimore. A native of Mayenne, like many other noted men, driven from his native land by the seething fires of the French Revolution, James Romagné came to Boston in the summer of 1799, bearing his appointment as missionary from Bishop Carroll to the Indians of Maine. We have not found any data to justify the assertion that Fr. Cheverus visited the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes in 1799, for all the evidence at hand points to the assumption of these duties by Fr. Romagné.

Dr. Shea in his admirable work, "History of the Catholic Church in the United States," Vol. II, p. 612, states that Fr. Romagné replaced Fr. Cheverus "about 1804." We have, however, at hand a copy of a long letter addressed by Fr. Romagné to Bishop Carroll from Passamaquoddy Jan. 25, 1800, in which the devoted missionary recalls having written his Ordinary from the same station the preceding October. "Towards the end of August, I went from Quoddy to Penobscot" states this deeply interesting letter, so that we must consequently date his coming to Maine from the summer of 1799 instead of 1804 as given by Dr. Shea. The chances are, however, that Fr. Cheverus accompanied Fr. Romagné as far as Damariscotta for we know that he spent the summer of 1799 in Maine, returning to Boston early in the fall of the same year. Fr. Matignon wrote Bishop Carroll from Damariscotta in October 1799, but having reason to believe that his letter had not been received wrote again under date of February 17, 1800, giving among many details this interesting data about the summer of 1799 spent by Fr. Cheverus in Maine: "M. Cheverus m' a succédê à Damariscotta. De l'été on y a été à peine un seul dimanche sans messe. Presque toute la tribu de Penobscot l'y avait procédé; et contre toute apparance, les habitants y ont soufert et y souffrent encore les Indiens sans plaindre et ont même beaucoup de bonté pour eux. Une veille Indienne vient d' être inhumée pour la premiére dans la terrain destinée au cimetière de la nouvelle Eglise," or as we might say in English, "The Damariscotta Catholics had mass most every Sunday the past summer. Fr. Cheverus found nearly the whole Penobscot tribe there, and contrary to what is usually the case, the people welcomed them, and though they are even now there, our Catholics are still very kindly disposed towards them. We have just buried an old Indian woman who is consequently the first to be interred in the cemetery adjoining our new church."

While Fr. Cheverus had blessed a small temporary chapel erected at Damariscotta on the hillside east of the road leading to the grist mill, he had already organized his congregation and had them working with a view, as Dr. Matignon writes Bishop Carroll February 17, 1800, "to the construction of a good brick church which they hoped to begin the following spring, and which would cost at the lowest estimate four or five thousand dollars, to cover which a goodly sum had already been subscribed.

The coming of the Indians to Damariscotta in the summer of 1799 was caused largely by their desire to be near the person of their beloved apostle who had already learned to converse with them in their mother tongue.

It was certainly a source of edification to Fr. Cheverus to find that they had so long treasured the lessons taught them by the good Jesuit fathers. So firmly had they planted the faith in the hearts of the wandering savage children of our state, and so well had they been exercised in the practices of our holy religion that even the passing of fifty years had not served to obliterate it from their memories.

They had never forgotten their catechism, the fathers taught it to their sons, the mothers to their daughters, and not a single Sunday was allowed to pass without their assembling for the chanting of those parts of the mass and the divine office which the laity are permitted to sing.

Fr. Cheverus found them all very docile and ready to practice whatever he taught them. Both old and young knew their catechism and could give an intelligent recitation of the same. So pure were their morals that consternation filled the whole tribe whenever a grave and public misfortune happened to any of their women, and hence Fr. Cheverus did not hesitate in dealing with them to adopt customs prevalent in the early ages of the church, and impose on the guilty party a public penance.

Whenever he celebrated Mass beneath the widely spreading trees with their branches arranged in chapel form, such a one had to kneel at a distance, imploring in her penitential garments, the prayers of the faithful, and it was only after a fairly long period of penitence that she was permitted to enter the rustic enclosure, to mingle with the other members of her tribe in their assistance at the holy sacrifice.

"It is hardly possible," says Hamon, "to realize the veneration in which Fr. Cheverus was held. No matter where he went there were ever great and joyful demonstrations, and it was always the Chief's wife or the Queen of the tribe who sought the honor of waiting on the humble missionary. His mildness and goodness had completely conquered, hence he moved among them as a sovereign among his people. Just to illustrate this fact, a certain captain once wished to land a cargo of rum at one of their villages. Fearful of the results Fr. Cheverus hastened

to meet him and said in all the dignity of his masterful nature; "I am king here, I can regulate the laws of entry; you shall not land that liquor." The captain insisted and determined to unload his vessel. Fr. Cheverus at once called some of his Indians and told them to smash the barrels as soon as they were brought ashore; the savages promised prompt compliance and the captain wisely withdrew.

His Indian people always felt overjoyed whenever they had an opportunity of assisting their missionary. To guide him through the boundless forests wherever the duties of his holy ministry might call him, to glide over the streams and to carry his frail barken canoe by the rapids was the height of their ambition.

Finding it necessary one day to ascend a swiftly flowing river Fr. Cheverus told them he did not feel quite safe. "While you are with us Father" replied the Indian Chief, "there is no danger, I would be fearful if we did not have you." This was the case not only on the rivers and lakes of our state, but even when off our sea beaten coast. The captain of a sailing packet once met Fr. Cheverus and his Indians a long distance off shore slowly working their way towards a distant port. Taking the good priest to task for thus exposing his life, he offered to take him aboard his vessel and bring him to his destination. Fearing to hurt the feelings of his generous savages, Fr. Cheverus declined with thanks. It was only on the following day that he reached his mission station.

Thanks to our holy religion which when unrestricted brings out the best in man, Fr. Cheverus found among his savages neophytes those lofty sentiments which would often put to shame their more favored brethren; he found their hearts filled with gratitude, ready to give him untold evidences of their affection, carrying even to the verge of heroism their devotion to duty.

In testimony of their fidelity Fr. Cheverus used to frequently narrate the following incident:

Some English travellers, it seems, told them about the death of Louis XVI, how his own subjects brought him to the scaffold and put to death before sixty thousand armed men who dared not come to his rescue.

This news seemed incredible to the savages. They had found the French missionaries so gentle, so condescending, they saw in Fr. Cheverus himself a living example of all the traits which had distinguished their former apostles; thus they had conceived the French to be an honorable and noble race, hence were unable to believe what the English had told them. Sometime afterwards one of their leading chiefs sought Fr. Cheverus, "Father," said the chief, "We know that you are an honest man, that you tell the truth. The English have told us how the French put

their king to death—that does not seem possible and we believe that the English have spread this report just to make us hate the French—we want to know the truth." Fr. Cheverus who found their question rather puzzling, felt that he would satisfy them should he tell them it was not the French nation which caused the King's death, but a certain number of enraged people whom all France detested and held in abhorrence that had wrought this terrible crime. "Oh! my Father," replied the sorrow stricken savage, "I can no longer love the French. It was not enough to have disowned and detested these men, they should have thrown themselves between the king and these murderers, and have died rather than permit them to touch his person. Just think, my Father, suppose some one entered our household to kill you and we abandoned you to his fury, would we not be to blame? Don't you see Father that we are better than the French? We are all ready to die in your defense."

Overwhelmed with surprise, Fr. Cheverus was speechless, he could only shed tears, grasp the hand and embrace the man who could utter such noble sentiments.

Carefully treasure your Catholic magazine or paper. They represent much effort, long hours of thought and study that justice may be done to a great cause. There are many opportunities before the world today, many advocates of this or that proposition; the dawning of tomorrow may see others; if not many a change in the appeals addressed to an expectant world.

The cause of God ever endures, does not change. Its responsibilities are so great that one might well decline the advocacy of so sublime a purpose through the medium of the Catholic press did not the path of duty clearly outline its necessity. To deal with affairs of such great moment, for surely there can be no greater than man's eternal welfare, necessitates constant anxiety on the part of the Catholic writer lest some word or expression pass into public print thus to injure the great cause which he represents. It is easy to write what the world of today wants. It does not look for essays on the solidity of the Christian religion, but rather something light and pleasing to the senses, something which never lifts man from the cares and joys of earth, or carrys his vision beyond the narrow horizon of this sinful world. You look for something better, more elevating in your Catholic press which aims to give you the best thought of the day, the aspirations most in harmony with your destiny as Christians.

The Three R's and Another R

I was in a public school today and was greatly impressed with what I saw the pupils doing there, but more so by what they were not doing. One class was occupied in working out problems in algebra, while another class was engaged in a recitation in French. The class that was engaged with the problems in algebra was working earnestly and laboriously; some scratching their heads, some biting the edges of their pencils, some gazing at the ceiling as if rapt in ecstasy, and others, some writing furiously; but on the whole they seemed to be deeply absorbed in their work, and deeply in earnest, as if they were working out the problems of life itself for the human race. In the French recitation some of the pupils seemed to be in danger of dislocating the French language, others in danger of dislocating their jaws; while others seemed to rejoice at getting through the recitation without injury to themselves or to the language.

Now in all probability not one per cent of those pupils who were now working so hard over the problems in algebra would ever have any practical use for that algebra in the life that is before them. But is it not good mental discipline? Granted. And as for the students giving so much time to wrestling with the French language how many of them in after life would be able to ask correctly for a piece of bread and butter if they were compelled to do it through the medium of that language. But mental discipline again? Again granted.

Now I am not opposed to the study of algebra or French but might not other studies be found which would help in the problems of life, and which will be needed in the struggle for life and which at the same time would afford mental discipline and moral discipline and spiritual power? Has religion no pedagogic value as well as spiritual worth and moral power? But no, religion is excluded by law from this school.

Suppose, perchance, that some of these pupils might find need for a knowledge of French in their business in after life, and that some few of them might, at a cost of long hours and arduous study, become proficient in the same, is there not another language, the language of prayer, which not only a few of them, but all of them will need in their business—which is their "Father's business"—that they might converse with God? Or is it expected that they will be deaf and dumb in the spiritual world, or that they will ignore the spiritual world altogether?

Here were young men and women giving the best hours and the hardest work of the most fertile period of their lives to the study of subjects which most of them would never meet again, while that which all of them would absolutely need in life, wherever they might turn, is ruthlessly excluded from their training in school. Was there ever a system so violently out of joint? Was there ever such disproportion in time and labor given for a needless thing, and the lack of time and labor given for a necessary thing?

Do the parents who choose such training for their children ever weigh the question once put by our Lord: "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? Or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?" Whether they weigh the question or not do they not seem to answer that question in practice? They are willing to give the souls of their children for knowledge of algebra or French or something else equally as needless. They would have their children versed in this or that ology at the cost of religious training.

There was another great teacher of life who wrote "I count all things to be but loss for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and count them but as dung that I may gain Christ—that I may know Him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable to His death." But, mayhap, St. Paul who wrote this was wrong, and these parents were right in their esteem or their want of esteem for "the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ and the power of His resurrection."

But, I have heard it objected, there is no want of esteem for religion or no doubt the necessity of it in the training of the young. Religion is necessary, they say, and should be found in the schools, but under our political constitution it is not expedient. Away with your expedients! Immortal souls are at stake. And if it is wise and necessary to have religion in the schools, let us have it whatever the cost. And if the constitution of the State does not permit it, then change the constitution of the State and make it agree with the constitution of man, who for this life and the life that is to come has absolute need of religion, and in the preparation for the battle of life the essential element of religion should find its place.

The Rev. D. S. Phelan

The passing of the long time editor of the Western Watchman from the scene of his activities, leaves a vacancy among Catholic editors which will not be easily filled. As a young priest, Father Phelan took up his pen in defence of Catholic truth, continuing in this noble, oftentimes thankless task, for over fifty years, until the hand that had so long and brilliantly wielded the pen grew cold in death.

Appointed while yet a young man, by Archibishop Kendrick of St. Louis to a small parish at Edina, Missouri, Father Phelan chanced to arrive just about the time one of the local editors was busying himself with an unjustifiable attack on a community of Catholic Sisters. His villifying utterances had hardly left his office, ere he was confronted by a resolute modest looking young man in clerical attire, who handed him an article signed D. S. Phelan. It was a defence of the calumniated community. Like all of his kind, the editor refused to publish it. Two weeks later Father Phelan had purchased a printing establishment, and started a rival paper called the Missouri Watchman, giving thereby his editorial brother his just deserts, leaving him little time for continuing his attacks on an unoffending body of Catholic Sisters.

Transferred in due time by his Bishop to a parish in St. Louis, Father Phelan brought his paper with him and continued its publication ever since under the name of "The Western Watchman," which has in truth been all that its title implies.

Since his death on the afternoon of September 21, 1915, his brother editors have made many and varied comments on his life and work. For ourselves, we are pleased with the summing up of his career by the newly appointed editor of "The Monitor" of San Francisco, the Rev. J. F. Duggan, who has well said: "Father Phelan was an unique character in Catholic Journalism. He was a free lance, clever, forceful, outspoken and sometimes lacking in tact. But it would be unjust to judge him from his written words alone for they do not reveal the real character of Father Phelan. He was in reality and by nature the opposite of what his fierce truculent style would lead one to imagine.

"His character was sweet and kind and as gentle as that of a little child. Swift's 'saeva indignatio,' his savage ravings, which sometimes found echo in the Watchman were mostly stage thunder. Beneath it all was the true, saintly and loveable heart of a noble soul."

The Catholic Historical Review

We are pleased to note the very favorable reception accorded No. 3, Vol. 1 of The Catholic Historical Review which appeared this present month.

A mere glance at the table of contents certainly gives one the key to a most useful and interesting offering along Catholic historical lines, and leads one to hope that the learned editors may not tire of their task, and that the Catholic public may accord them that measure of support justified by the high standard of excellence which they have given to their Review.

Old English Castles have always had a facination for our American reader who laves to roam through their spacious halls, and climb their battlements or while away many an hour among their musty old time records. This is what C. M. Anthony has done in the leading article of the present Review.

In "Lulworth Castle: Its History and Memories," we find ourselves on "the scene of the consecration of Dr. John Carroll," the "Father of the American Episcopate," as he was lovingly termed by the men of his day. This then is "the birthplace of the American Episcopate . . . the house of an old English Catholic family, in the midst of a beautiful landscape, with its rolling acres of thickly wooded parkland; its grey towers and lofty battlemented walls, rising four square against a fine background of sweeping cedars and the heavy summer foliage of elms and beaches. The property of Catholic owners, Lulworth Castle and its vast estates were confiscated under Elizabeth because their owners clung to the old time faith. In 1642 the place was bought by Humphrey Weld who brought thither as his wife, Clara, the youngest daughter of Lord Arundel of Wardour. It may be of interest to recall here that Lord Arundel was the chief promoter of the expedition which set out from England under Captain Weymouth, March 5th, 1605. This was Easter day; fifty days later they were off the coast of Maine, setting up crosses at their various landing places. It would seem that the expedition had entered our present Boothbay Harbor on Whitsunday and that they named the beautiful port in honor of the day, Pentecost Harbor. Lord Arundel being noted for his loyalty to the Catholic church was now seeking a place of refuge for his persecuted fellow Catholics, and as his partner in the venture, had but recently conformed to the State religion, we may reasonably suppose that the two noblemen were on the quiet of one mind and heart and that this expedition of 1605 was largely under Catholic auspices.

Lulworth Castle apparently remained in Catholic hands; the author of this excellent article, at least, gives no hint to the

contrary, so that when the time came for the consecration of the first American Bishop, Lord Standly, its then occupant, being an intimate friend of Dr. Carroll, invited the illustrious American to come to Lulworth for his consecration, which accordingly took place in the Lulworth Castle chapel August 15th, 1790.

The 2nd article "Pioneer Efforts in Catholic Journalism in the United States (1809–1840)," recalls such names as Dr. England, Brownson, McGee, McMasters, men who have contributed so much towards the formation of our Catholic literature.

Georgina Pell Curtis in her "Early Conversions to the Church in America," mentions the conversion of Mathilde, daughter of the Tarratine Indian Chief, Madockawando, and her marriage to Baron de St. Castin," the Rev. John Thayer, missionary and convert, and that "in the Archives of the Cathedral, Baltimore, we read that converts formed a considerable portion of the congregation ruled by Matignon and Cheverus in Boston and again from the same source, that the little congregation that gathered around the Kavenaugh family at New Castle, Maine, in the time of Bishop Cheverus was made up mostly of converts."

Careful reading of Bishop Flaget's report on the condition of his diocese, given in full in this number of the Catholic Historical Review, show us the similarity of conditions existing at that early date of April, 1815, in Kentucky and in our own State of Maine.

The zealous Bishop laments the number of families that could be visited only now and then perhaps not oftener than once a year, because of their distance and the scarcity of priests. Were he writing about our diocese at that early day he would have had the same story to tell the Holy Father, Pius VII.

Catholic Irish influx to our State had perchance been greater than had been the case with far away Kentucky. Sailing vessels from our many ports were then numerous the world over. They were not at all uncommon in the great Irish seaports, and we have only to follow along our coast today and visit the long abandoned cemeteries, or consult the time worn registers, or what is perhaps better, learn a little of the past traditions of the yet lingering old time families, to at once see how fearful have been our losses, and what would today be our condition, had there been missionaries sufficient to cover our State and take in hand the many families that might have been saved to our holy faith, had there been some one to break to them the bread of life.

The articles above mentioned give to The Catholic Historical Review, a breadth which should render it of interest in the different parts of our country, and should it continue along these broad and national lines, there is no doubt but what it should find a welcome in many of our Catholic homes.

An Auspicious Event

Monday, October 18th was the 9th anniversary of the Consecration of the Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., as Bishop of Portland. As has heretofore been his custom, Bishop Walsh observed this happy occasion by celebrating the holy Sacrifice in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in the presence of a large and representative congregation, happy in thus being able to testify the esteem in which they hold their Bishop, and to show their appreciation of his constant efforts during the past eight years for the upbuilding of the Church in Maine.

One of the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine's loyal friends who was present at this service doubtless so pregnant in vivid recollection for the Rt. Rev. Bishop, has kindly sent us the following interesting communcation:

A sentence in "My New Curate," likening the little noise of the slides in the confessionals, on a busy night before the First Friday, to "shuttles, weaving tapestries of human souls fit to hang in the Halls of Heaven," makes me think that there is a picture I saw today that will hang in these same Halls of Heaven.

It was in our beautiful Cathedral and on the 18th day of October, 1915, and for those who could not be present, this little article is written.

Our beloved Bishop of Maine is today nine years exercising the duties of the chief shepherd of souls in this diocese under the title of Bishop.

It was to honor him that the children assembled in the Cathedral to hear Mass, celebrated by the Bishop and to receive Holy Communion. It is through the prayers of little children that we hope for great things to be accomplished for the Divine Shepherd of Souls.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

As these hundreds of little ones, probably over five hundred approached the Altar rails to receive that Divine Lover of Souls, and the Bishop and the Priests gave them that dear Lord, the picture of our Lord in the days He was on earth, could not fail to come to mind. It was His delight to be with children. It is indeed through these little innocent hearts that much is to be done, and we older ones present at this Mass, could only hope that in the words, "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven," that we might do a little and share in the love of that Heart which goes out to each and every one of us.

Another thought presented itself and that was the beautiful story of the Gospel, where the people followed Jesus, and He

knowing their fatigue and hunger, bade them sit down and with five barley loaves and fishes fed this multitude, and after all had eaten there still remained food.

This was but one of the shadows of the wonderful feeding of the Catholic people at the Altar with Christ's own Body and Blood.

One could not draw the picture without placing therein the Bishop's helpers, his beloved priests. They were in the Sanctuary and to them we owe a deep debt of gratitude. The Sisters of Mercy in sombre black and white varied the coloring and added to the scene.

We Catholics do not half appreciate the sacrifices of these, our teachers, Bishop, priests and sisters, make for us.

May our Bishop live many years to continue the work so well begun, and may God's blessing fall on him today and every day thereafter.

Confirmation at Waterville, Oct. 10, 1915

Waterville was honored with an official visit from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh, who administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the confirmandi of the three parishes, Sunday, October 10, 1915.

Bishop Walsh celebrated the 7 o'clock mass at the Sacred Heart church, giving at the close of the same, a short instruction.

He assisted and gave the sermon at the 10.30 mass in Notre Dame, administering the Sacrament of Confirmation immediately following mass. The services at St. Francis took place at 3 P. M. His Lordship gave a long instruction on the effects of Confirmation in relation to man's Christian duties, after which a large and well trained class advanced in order for the administration of the Sacrament.

At 7.30 P. M. the same exercises were held at the Sacred Heart. As the Bishop had already spoken in French at Notre Dame and St. Francis, he gave the evening's instruction in English, dwelling at length on our obligations as Christians, making a strong appeal to the girls and boys of the Confirmation class, then to their parents and friends, exhorting them to realize the high ideals held up before them, one and all, by the Church on the present solemn occasion. The address of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, while long, was given the closest attention on the part of the large audience present.

There were confirmed at the Sacred Heart a class of 157—61 boys, 83 girls and 13 adults, among whom were 9 converts.

At St. Francis there were 99 in the class—42 boys, 57 girls. There were also confirmed at the same time 15 girls from Mt. Merici Boarding school.

The class at Notre Dame numbered 86—39 boys, 47 girls.

Recognition of Carranza

Every Catholic American that has followed the trend of events the past two years, regrets that President Wilson has at last granted recognition to the so called constitutionalist leader, Venustuano Carranza. Caholics, one and all, base their objections to Carranza on the point that he never has and never will grant religious freedom to their fellow Catholics who have been struggling for existence in the neighboring faction torn Republic.

According to the strict law of justice, our government has no right to interfere in the internal affairs of a foreign country, but this is just what the Wilson government did on the very start in withholding that recognition from Huerta which other nations were willing and did accord him. Our government seemed insistent on going behind his title for a justification of its course, giving at the same time all possible assistance to his enemies who have represented anything but law and order.

Cold facts have been laid before the President and his advisers by the highest Church authorities in this country; men noted for their civic standing, honored and trusted throughout the length and breadth of our country, have protested in the name of humanity, of the murdered priests, the outraged nuns, and violated stanctuaries, against according recognition to a man whom one of our best informed Southern exchanges does not hesitate to characterize as "the bandit, the cut throat, the outlaw, the avowed persecutor of the Catholic Church, the robber and despoiler of her sanctuaries, schools, convents and hospitals, the murderer of priests, the leader of vandal hords whose nameless outrages and indignities to pure, consecrated nuns and defenceless women and children show the vicious darkness of his soul; Venustuano Carranza, whose name must ever stand for all that is blackest and vilest and most degrading in the pages of Mexican history, has been recognized by the President of the United States as ruler of the distracted Mexican Republic."

It would in truth be harder to find stronger words in the English language than the ones above quoted as appearing in The Morning Star, the "Official Catholic Journal of the Archdiocese of New Orleans and the Diocese of Savannah" under date of October 16, 1915.

But we must remember that the good people of our Southern border states have been occular witnesses of the terrible havoc wrought by Carranza, Villa and their followers. They have seen the refugees crowding to their doors, the Bishops and their faithful priests, the defenseless Sisters, outraged in all that was

dearest to them, bearing the only too evident marks of the awful indignities heaped upon them. Our hospitable Southern folks had to receive them, listen to the stories of their misfortunes and accept the truth of what could not be denied. With all this at hand, we easily understand how our Catholic press rises in all the strength of its righteous indignation in formal protest against the official ruler of the United States, the one accountable to the people, their representative, according recognition to the crafty villian who now seeks the bonds of friendship with the great American Republic.

The more than sixteen millions of Catholics living under the protecting aegis of American liberty, in the full enjoyment of all that their holy religion has to offer them, and this guaranteed by the common law of the land, not as any favor or concession, but by right, will never say amen to President Wilson's decision, and when the moments come for them to register their solemn disapproval of his course, there will be no doubt as to the result of their verdict.

In London, a body of advanced Anglicans has recently formed itself into a society called the "Living Rosary of St. Dominic," having for rules and obligations "1st—To say daily the decade of the Rosary, as appointed by the quartely papers. 2.—To receive holy communion on Rosary Sunday. 3.—To hear mass on St. Dominics Day, August 4."

The life of Cardinal Cheverus, now being published in our Diocesan magazine published in serial form, should bring out many details in the missionary career of this noted churchman, which have heretofore not been published. Many traditions of his passing now and then through our State, yet remain among the descendants of our early Catholic families. Anyone in possession of facts pertaining to his life and work, will greatly assist us, should they bring the same to our attention.

The Catholic Church in Maine

Whether Sebastian Ralê and his devoted parishioners had fled on the approach of Col. Hilton's destroying expedition, or were simply absent on one of their annual hunting parties, we know not, but we may be permitted to picture the returning missionary and behold him as he stands overlooking the havoc wrought through Puritan hatred of him and his holy faith.

A residence of ten years or more, had enabled him to accumulate here as it were in the very heart of the forest wild, some few comforts, permitted by the severity of his monastic rule, as a solace to the weary, perchance oftentimes lonely priest. His barken hut apart from the village, its well ordered interior, with here and there some little keepsakes, mementoes of the loved ones at home, the rudely fashioned furniture, the primitive study table on which he had left his bayberry candle, a few papers and finger worn books, the little poorly constructed bed where he sought his well earned repose, in a word, his cabin home, the small room which answered all his needs, which was to him both a living and sleeping asile had been pillaged and destroyed, leaving on the scene of his few home joys and comforts only a spot of blackened embers amid the winter snows.

Then his church just back from the river, the religious home of his people. How often had he there stood before them, perchance on the eve of battle and spoke of the mercies of God, His goodness, His justice; how often had he not reminded them of their duties towards their Creator, and their fellow man, of the mercy due their fallen adversary; how often had he not lingered before the shrines or stood in admiration before the works of art wrought by kind and loving hands, or perchance most of all knelt in silent, prayerful adoration in the presence of the Most Blessed Sacrament, his sole consolation in the hour of trial, — but this too was gone, hence we may easily imagine the feeling that welled up in the heart of Sebastian Râle as he stood amid the ruins of his church, his home, and his beloved village.

The destruction of Narantsouac inflamed more than ever the spirit of revenge in the hearts of the Savage, and the terrible cruelties practiced by the New Englanders on the unsuspecting Indians show us only too plainly the provocations under which Father Râle sought to restrain the savage instincts of his parishioners. But in vain, the season of Mather's Decenium Luctuosum was now on, and it seems useless to look for mercy or moderation at the hand of either party in the great contest for mastery in America.

Bitter in truth was the warfare now carried on between the French and their Indian allies on the one hand and the New England colonists on the other

Each infant settlement in turn felt its ravages. Kittery, Wells, Berwick, Casco, and other small hamlets in Maine beheld the flames of devastation at their very doors: New Hampshire saw the painted red-men in all their fury at Dover, Exeter, Dunstable: Massachusetts felt their ravages at Groton, Chelmsford, Sudbury, as well as in the destruction of the flourishing town of Haverhill.

On their part the Colonists were not slow in the work of retaliation. Their operations were extended against the various French posts, and isolated half breed families, spreading in every direction even to the walls of Quebec itself, relentless warfare on the French and their Indian allies.

Their one great obstacle in Acadia was Port Royal. The storms of war had frequently raged about the Nova Scotian fortress, but the French clung to their old time foothold with a tenacity which seemed to defy all their efforts.

The spring of 1710, however, saw only an increased determination on the part of the New Englanders to drive the French from their Acadian fastness. The summer season was given to this their supreme attempt to extend their boundaries to the very limits of Acadia itself. The great expedition sailed from Boston on the 18th of September to take up its positions before Port Royal on the 24th of the month. To oppose the overwhelming force of thirty-six sail, and the formidable army of twelve hundred men under the skilful Nicholson, the energetic French governor, Subercase had only two hundred and sixty men. The Puritan commander could therefore in comparative safety erect his batteries at every point of vantage, in open defiance to the feeble garrison whose defenses soon began to crumble before the well trained guns of the Colonial army. With no hope of succor, a prolonged defense seemed useless, hence to avoid needless shedding of blood, Governor Subercase decided to surrender. Thus passed on the 2nd day of October, 1710, the dominion of France from not only the ancient settlement of Port Royal, but from the entire Acadian peninsula leaving the power of England and her American colonies supreme from Florida to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Port Royal ceased to exist, or rather its name was changed in honor of the English queen to Annapolis Royal.

This act of surrender thus brought the Catholic Indians, along the St. John, the St. Croix, the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers under the immediate domain of the English laws, and encouraged the Colonists to attempt the following summer the conquest of Canada itself. For this purpose a powerful fleet of war vessels and transports left Boston on the 30th of July, 1711,

only to meet with defeat at the hand of the elements off the mouth of the St. Lawrence where eight of their transports were wrecked and one thousand men drowned. Appalled by this unexpected catastrophe, the expedition returned to Boston. Though tired of the war, and with little or no hope of success, the Indians continued their fruitless contest during the summer of 1712, with varying fortunes until the signing of the treaty of Utrecht, March 30, 1713, when their chiefs abandoned by France were forced to seek the best terms possible at the hand of their English conquerors. With one-third of their warriors gone, with as many more of their women and children dead from the bullet, exposure, and famine, they were compelled by their very poverty, suffering, and helplessness, as the Maine historian Abbott well says, to accept the abasing and harsh terms imposed on them at Casco in the early spring of 1713.

That a fourth part of the inhabitants of Maine had either been killed or captured; that the families had been scattered among the tribes or held in prison at Quebec; that trade was ruined, the fields uncultivated, the log cabins in ruins, the fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, all separated, one here and another there as a result of the ten years of relentless war waged by the savages, was held up before the Indian envoys assembled at Casco as a justification for the severity of the terms of peace. Responsibility for the log cabin homes crumbling to decay, for the murdered colonists, for the widely scattered families, for the universal desolation then so general in Maine, was laid at the door of one man Sebastian Râle of Narantsouac.

The peace parleys began with Captain Moody, the English commander at Casco in the spring of 1713 were ratified in the conference held at Portsmouth, July 11, 1713. Here the representative Sagamores from the St. John, the Penobscot, the Kennebec rivers, met Governor Shute and his councilors in conference with the result that, "Eight Sagamores," as Williamson tells us, "then casting themselves upon her Majestic mercy, prayed for her pardon and favor, and signed the treaty, July 13th, in solemn form; each making connected marks, descriptive of the fish, bird or animal, claimed as the insignia of their respective families."

All their territorial settlements, possessions and rights in the eastern country, free of every claim, were surrendered to the English.

Truck houses under English were to be established with the proviso that the Indians should never traffic elsewhere. Nothing was reserved save the "liberty of hunting, fishing and fowling, and all other lawful liberties and privileges, as enjoyed on the 11th of August, 1693,'" according to the treaty then enacted with Gov. Phipps. Thus passed the freedom of our Indian tribes; thus passed the dominion of France just one hun-

dred years after the first clash of arms between France and England, on the shores of Mount Desert for the mastery of our State.

"On the whole," remarks Williamson, "The Indians were the principal sufferers by the war. . . . hunted from their native country by foes, and allured away by pretended friends, they might justly bewail their cruel destiny. To the humiliating terms of the late treaty they would never have submitted, had they not, through a consciousness of their poverty and distress, been ready to perish. Their strength and importance were broken, never to be repaired. In this war the Indians manifested less malice, and were guilty of less cruelty, than in the two which preceded," a fact which certainly speaks volumes in favor of the softening influences of the Catholic missionaries, and the effect of the Christian doctrine upon their untamed natures.

So hard and humiliating did the Indians find the terms of peace, that many decided to bid farewell to their ancestral haunts, and betake themselves to the more congenial surroundings of the mission stations at St. Francis and Becancourt.

The majority however elected to remain at Narantsouac where the scattered remnants of the once powerful Abenaquis tribe now gathered. To desert his faithful neophytes was the last thought in the mind of Sebastian Râle: to remain and share their sad but evident destiny, was the wish nearest his heroic heart.

But how to repair the shattered fortunes of his devoted people. Their ruined homes might in truth easily be restored, but their broken family circles, the lost manhood of their nation could never be replaced: and their chapel, the first but not the last to be destroyed in our State by the flames of prejudice, who should again rear its walls and hang its bell which like the voice of God, would call His children to prayer and sacrifice!

From far away Quebec, had come the workmen for the building of the one destroyed by Col. Hilton in the winter of 1705. Down through the trackless wilderness they had carried their tools and supplies to labor in a field which seemed so bright and promising; but Father Râle now seems to have turned the thoughts of his few remaining Christians towards the great Puritan center, and to have asked them to rebuild the edifice which their ruthless hand had destroyed. To Boston therefore, comes the Kennebec Sagamores, shortly following the dawning days of peace, bearing a petition humbly asking that skilled workmen be sent to aid in the restoration of God's temple at Narantsouac.

The moment appeared an opportune one to the Puritan. Once before he had asked the Kennebec Indians to send away their missionary, and to replace their faith so filled with inspiration,

with the cheerless, the forlorn worship of the Pilgrim. In diplomatic yet positive language, the rude child of forest had refused: but now in the hour of his adversity, when as a suppliant he was knocking at their door, what was simpler, or more to the point for the Protestant Governor than to respond: "I wish to restore your church, and I will treat you better than the French Governor has done, whom you call your father. It belongs to him to rebuild it, since he caused its destruction by inducing you to strike me. For me I defend myself as I can, but he makes use of you to protect him, and then abandons you. I will deal better with you, for I will not only furnish you workmen, I am willing to pay them and be at the expense of building the edifice you are so desirous to have constructed; but as it is not reasonable that I, who am an Englishman, should build you a church without providing a minister to take care of it, and to teach you prayer. I will give you one with whom you will be satisfied, and you must send to Quebec the French minister who is in your village." It was in Boston, the heart of Puritanism, that this proposition was made to the Catholic Indian chiefs. Their beloved apostle, Sebastian Râle was not there to inspire their answer. It is perhaps well he was not, for he would then have been given credit for the noble and spirited reply of the Indian Sagamore who in all the dignity of his unconquered nature said: "Your words astonish me, and I admire you in the proposition which you make. When you came here you saw me a long time before the French Governors knew me. Neither your predecessors, nor their servants ever spoke to me of prayer, or of the Great Spirit. They have seen my peltries, my skins of the beaver and the deer, and of these only have they taken thought: those they have sought with eagerness. I could not furnish them enough, and when I brought them many I was their great friend; that was all. On the contrary, my canoe being one day lost, I mistook my course and wandered a long time by chance, until I stopped near Quebec, at a great village of the Algonquins, where the black coats lived. Scarcely had I arrived when a black coat came to see me. I was loaded with peltries. The French black coat did not even deign to look at them. He spoke to me at once of the Great Spirit, or paradise, of hell, and of prayer, by which is the only path to heaven. I listened to him with pleasure, and relished so well his conversation that I stayed a long time in that village to hear him. Finally prayer was agreeable to me; I engaged him to teach me; I demanded baptism and received it. Afterwards I returned into my country and related what had happened to me. My people emulous of my happiness, sought to partake of it, and they also went to find the black robe and demand baptism.

Thus have the French conducted towards me. If when you saw me you had spoken to me of prayer, I should have had the

misfortune of praying as you do; for I was not capable of distinguishing whether your prayer was good. Thus I tell you that I hold fast to the prayer of the French. I like it and will preserve it until the earth shall burn up and perish. Keep then your workmen, your money, and your minister. I will mention them to you no more. I will tell the French Governor, my father, to send them to me."

All Saints' Day

It has always been the wish of holy Mother Church, that due honor should always be given to those of her devoted children who have in the heat and turmoil of present life, realized her high ideals, her lofty and benevolent purposes towards mankind. From the very dawn of her existence, she has been very careful to collect and preserve the striking details in the lives of her children, recording their heroic acts, holding them up as a constant source of emulation for all those yet struggling with the great affairs of life.

The terrible persecutions waged against the early Christians, their fortitude and constancy even unto death, in surpassing numbers, soon made it impossible for her to honor them all by name, hence the custom of grouping together a certain number of heroic Christians who were known to have departed this life in the odor of sanctity, and assigning some special day in their honor, or giving them recognition in some country or city, which was fortunate in being the scene of their heroic acts. But the rapid growth of the Church soon rendered necessary some general practice which would be common to the universal Church, hence what had heretofore been authorized local customs regarding the honors shown to the departed children of the Church, noted for their sanctity, were extended by Pope Gregory IV to the entire Christian world. It was the same holy Father whose pontificate extend from 827 to 844 A. D., who selected Nov. 1st as the day on which all glorified followers of the Cross, might be honored by the great masses of those who must ever seek inspiration in the glorious lives of the past.

The great festival thus comes to us from the most distant ages of the Church, clothed in all those pious practices and customs which have in the past brought confidence and cheer to faltering man, thereby enabling him to realize the sublime destiny for which he had been created.

All Souls' Day

There are perhaps few Christians who do not welcome the coming of November 2nd, the day set apart by the Church as a day of universal suffrage in the behalf of the faithful departed. This feast of charities bring us, by its very nature, in close communion with those of our departed friends and relatives who have preceded us in the journey whence man does not return. We have perhaps often lent them a kindly hand during life for which we received many a return, but their absence, their no longer moving among us, has perchance led us to forget one of the most consoling facts of the Catholic faith; we may have ceased to remember that it is now within our power to offer them favors greater than any we could have bestowed on them in life, favors whose value cannot be measured by passing time, but whose worth must endure in realms eternal.

The whole Church militant consequently comes to us on this day of universal charity, and asks us to unite our offerings with those of our fellow Christians in behalf of the Church suffering. She even goes farther than this and asks us to coöperate with her members before the eternal Throne, the Church triumphant, to hasten thereby the realization of the wish nearest and dearest to the Divine heart, that the predestined, the suffering souls, may see the dawn of their deliverance, the hour of their entrance to life eternal.

The practice of offering suffrages in behalf of the faithful departed, so filled with consolation to the human heart, is as old as the Church herself,—nay more, it antedates the dawn of her existence, to trace its origin back to the days of the Patriarchs, if not to the coming of man.

In the early ages of the Church it was customary to inscribe the names of the faithful departed on the "Diptychs" or public tablets in the churches where the charity loving passer-by might be led to make an offering in their behalf.

So akin to the human heart was the thought of prayer and good works in aid of the dear departed, that the idea grew from age to age, to be perhaps stronger than ever in this our day when we behold the suffrages of the faithful multiplied many fold by the Holy Father in that universal permission whereby every priest may on November 2, offer Holy Mass three times for the welfare of the faithful departed.

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